

Ву

BATES TORREY

[Dedicated to the American Hero]

He fell in France—somewhere in France; In nameless grave with kindred mold,
Laid with the fame his valor brought,
Left in the soil for which he fought,
He lies with numbers yet untold,
No mark of "storied urn" is his
No epitaph but only this,—
HE FELL IN FRANCE

But from that earth shall rise perchance,
Like incense from an altar there,
Up from the sod as seasons pass,
With speech of flowers and whispering grass.
A clarion note — more than a prayer.
Fair skies shall bend to greet the word,
And millions by that cry be stirred,
HE FELL IN FRANCE

Give voice to song — fit shaft to lance!

Thank God for that inspiring deed!

Lift high your precepts to the world,

Be every starry flag unfurled.

To lead where he in France did lead!

Freedom to man — benignant laws —

Courage in arms — then Peace, because

HE FELL IN FRANCE

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